



# Composition

## Book



Name *Mabel K. ...*

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miss michiebly is my teacher in theys  
1907.

## Blue birds

1. Blue-Birds are singing their sweetest song, out in the lilac tree;  
They have been singing there all day long,  
Happy as they can be;  
Chanting their merriest song of spring,  
Telling of joys soon to be;  
Sweetly and clearly their voices now ring out in the lilac tree.

2. Down on the branches they gaily swing,  
Out in the lilac tree;  
Some seem to listen while others sing,  
Out in the lilac tree;  
Singing of summer and cosy nest,  
Singing of sweet blooming flowers;  
Singing of home life the dearest and best,  
Out in the woodland bowers.

3. Never a happier song than this,  
Came from the lilac trees;  
Ringing with love of the sweet home bliss,  
Now this so soon shall see;  
Never a happier gathering strong  
Chanted for you or for me;  
Till the sweet singers now clanging  
their song,  
Out in the lilac tree.

End.

## The old Water mill.

=1=

Down to the mill by the river,  
where in my childhood often I wandered,  
my thoughts are now turning ever,  
Down to that old, old mill.

Chorus.

Fondest of memories cluster around it,  
and in my fancy I hear it still,  
singing its old song while I am playing,  
Down by the old water mill.

=2=

No more the mill-wheel is turning,  
no more the old wheel, grass in the pathway,  
But for the music I am yearning,  
Sing by that old, old mill.

Chorus.  
=3=

Wild birds now build on its rafters,

and on the hill side sleeps now the  
miller,  
silence where one child is laughing,  
climbed with that old, old mill.  
        downs.

mount Vernon bells.

1. Where Potomac's stream is flowing  
Virginia's border thru, where the  
white sailed ships are going  
sailing to the Ocean blue,  
bustled the sound of mirth and  
singing, silent every one,  
while the solemn bells are ring-  
ing by the tomb of Washington

downs.

Talling and kneeling, with a sad

sweet sound, Per the walls the ones  
are swelling by mount vernans  
sacred ground.

2. long ago the warriors numbered,  
our country's father sleep,  
long among the angles numbered  
the little graves would have kept,  
but the children's children love him  
and his name revere,  
souls millions wave above him  
sweetly still his knell up near  
cares.

3. Sail, O ship, across the ocean  
and blart ie story far;  
you se sleep beneath the hollow,  
first in peace and first in war;  
Till while sweet adues are falling  
till you come again, I wait in

the Hartside dwelling at his loving  
country men.

Eng.

love and help each other.

1. We should love and help each other day by day, Day by Day.  
We should raise the fallen wretched  
on the way, on the way;  
fertile road is rough at best a mile  
Countless miles many miles,  
let us cheer the fainting weak  
With a pleasant word and smile.

1 C10.

We should love and help each other day by day, Day by Day.  
We should raise the fallen wretched  
on the way, on the way;

2. let us go in series of sorrow  
undismayed; undismayed;





